

BRIDEGROOM HELD IN KILLING SEEMS BAD LUCK VICTIM

Prisoner Arrested at Camden
May Be Released To-Day
Unless Accuser Appears.

(Continued From Page 1.)

CAMDEN, N. J., Feb. 12.—William F. Walker, the supposed writer of a "suicide note" to his sixteen-year-old wife of four days, who is being held in jail here without charge for questioning by the Delaware police for possible knowledge of how Charles F. Smith met death near Wilmington Jan. 25, seems to-day to be merely the victim of hard luck which began Jan. 24—his thirty-eighth birthday and the day of his wedding to Dorothy McCabe, who for the while preferred her mother's bed to his.

Walker was not arrested on the orders of the Delaware police, who, according to information available now, accepted the Coroner's verdict of suicide on Smith's death, until notified by Captain of Detectives William Schlegel of Camden that Walker was here for their questioning.

"I knew," said Schlegel to-day, "that the note Walker had written to his wife was found near Smith's body, and when I heard he was in town again I ordered him arrested, because I thought the Wilmington police might want him."

"I notified them Wednesday night, but so far nobody has put in an appearance, and if some one doesn't come to-day I'm going to release Walker. There is no evidence here to show that he had anything to do with the death of Smith. There was one report from Wilmington that we found letters in his pockets addressed to the dead man, but that is not true. I'm holding him only because I thought that since the 'suicide note' was found near Smith's body that Walker ought to be questioned by the Delaware police."

Meanwhile no word from any one in authority has come from Wilmington, except that a detective would be sent, and the latest information received was that the "suicide note" was found more than a mile from Brandywine Springs Park, where Smith's body was found, with a pistol in the right hand and a bullet wound in the roof of his mouth.

Mrs. Mary McCabe, who lives with her daughter in a two-room apartment in the rear of No. 443 Kaighn Avenue, and who went with her daughter to Wilmington to identify the body of Smith, when it was thought that he might have been Walker, stated that her son-in-law told her and Mrs. Walker that he had dropped the note on a doorstep of Wilmington, hoping that some one would find it and send it to Dorothy, his wife, to "make her feel bad."

His hard luck, which led to his arrest, came, according to Mrs. McCabe, to have been in that he dropped the note on the night before Smith's body was found.

Walker, who was arrested as he was approaching the McCabe home after having left it two weeks ago, because his young wife would not leave her mother, told her and his wife earlier in the evening, said Mrs. McCabe, that he had gone through Wilmington and had spent the entire time of his absence in Baltimore.

Dorothy Walker, a little girl with black hair and gray eyes and the complexion of a child, said that she would live with her husband now if he would get a job and give her a home.

She told of refusing at first to live with her husband, and how he had left the house after writing a note saying that he was going away.

"I thought he had deserted me," said the girl, "and the next I heard about him was when some stranger wrote me, saying that a note signed by William F. Walker had been found near the body of a man who had committed suicide near Wilmington."

One portion of the "suicide note" read: "Don't blame Dorothy. I am to blame for it all; not me, but the devil. I can't control the devil. I called on God to help me, but there was no God to hear. Please find my Dorothy and tell her goodbye for me and to be a good Christian."

Neither Mrs. Walker nor Mrs. McCabe has been allowed to visit Walker in jail.

OUT, WITHOUT A COUNT.

Thomas Brady, twenty-one, No. 12 Fulton Street, Maspeth, L. I., a B. R. T. employee, was taken to the Kings County Hospital unconscious late last night after a boxing bout with Jimmy Reardon, another B. R. T. employee, in the company club house, No. 1 Jamaica Avenue, East New York.

Early to-day Brady regained consciousness and said he became dizzy while in his corner after one of the rounds, and that was the last he remembered. The doctor says his condition is not serious.

To Provide Warning for Airplane

WASHINGTON, Feb. 12.—Resolutions directing the Secretary of the Navy to turn over to the army air service obsolete warships and ordering the army chief to drop bombs on them to test the efficiency of aircraft against naval vessels, were introduced to-day in the Senate by Senator New and in the House by Representative Anthony.

Some Champions Entered at the Dog Show And Charming Owners Exhibiting Them



MRS. AUGUST E. LEWIS WITH HER CHAMPION RUGBY DOG, BOB'S OF ROMANCE.

ELSIE NICOLAI WITH "CHAMPION SNOW CLOUD GIRLY" A PRIZE MALTESE.

MISS EVELYN HALL McMANUS WITH "CHAMPION SNOW CLOUD GIRLY" A PRIZE MALTESE.

BOOTLEGGER SLAIN AS PART OF PLOT TO HIDE AUTO GRAFT

(Continued From First Page.)

Walsh and his immediate New Brunswick rival had been bidding for it. One theory is that after Walsh and his men captured the whiskey at 4 o'clock in the evening they were in turn attacked by the rival bootlegger organization and Walsh was killed.

Another discovery in which the police were interested was that the actual value of the stolen shipment was but \$6,000, though it was insured for \$30,000, according to Bernard Levy, New Brunswick representative of the casualty and burglary insurance underwriters.

Edward Ring, who with a negro, Samuel Perkins, was employed by Pannak, the Newark owner of the truck, an authorized transporter of liquors, said nothing of the robbery or the murders when he was picked up by an automobile at Kingston, where the first hold-up occurred at 11 o'clock Friday night. On his arrival in New Brunswick he went to one of the bootlegger headquarters restaurants. The police heard of his presence there and arrested him. It was not until then that he talked of the robbery to the authorities. His story was substantially the same as that of Pedro Salamandra, brother of the murdered owner of the whiskey.

That it was a deliberately planned affair is further indicated by the locality in which it occurred, a district where there is no constable and where the highway is entirely without protection at night, making escape almost certain.

KILLED BY SOME ONE HE TRUSTED.

Prosecutor, Stricker said in his opinion Walsh could not have been shot either in a fight with the men with the whiskey truck or with another gang of bootleggers, as he was himself armed and would not have let any one, except some one he trusted, get close enough to stick a revolver against his eye and pull the trigger.

It was recalled that Eckert, under bail and threatening to get somebody else into trouble unless he was cleared of prosecution, was last seen alive in a car in which he was found shot to death, riding with men associated with him in his bootlegging ventures.

The revival of interest in the Eckert case by Mr. Whitman in his investigation regarding the complicity of New York policemen in automobile thefts is directly blamed by Mr. Whitman's aid, James E. Smith, as the motive for Walsh's murder.

Mr. Smith asserts that because of apparent discussions in the loosely organized bootlegger-automobile bandit band Walsh was willing to give full information to Mr. Whitman about the operations of certain policemen and automobile thieves with whom he was at odds because of charges of "double-crossing." This interview was to have been had next week, Mr. Smith is sure that some of Walsh's companions knew of his intentions because the first intimation the District Attorney's office had of the identity of the man murdered in New Jersey was a telephone message from a man who refused to give his name telling Mr. Smith: "They have bumped Frank off."

Of the desperate character of the men who have been stealing automobiles and smuggling whiskey, no room has been left for doubt. Eckert, a few months before he was murdered, was caught in a stolen touring car after he had headed a band of spurious revenue agents which had robbed a whole train of whiskey trucks on the Jersey meadows. Eckert was locked up temporarily in the

WRECKED A JAIL TO SET HIM FREE.

While the Lake Hopatcong Sheriff was waiting for the Paterson police to come to get Eckert, other members of his band appeared at Lake Hopatcong and literally tore the jail apart and set him free through a side wall.

In so far as Walsh, like other men often seen in his company, are young and unusually well dressed, the New Jersey authorities are interested in the possibility that in addition to their other activities the band may have been concerned in the many highway robberies of automobile parties in Northern New Jersey for the past few months. It is regarded as not unlikely that the bootlegger-bandit patrols on the roads between Philadelphia and New York and the intermediate New Jersey cities, seeking to intercept smuggled or legitimately transported liquor, may have filled in their time by holding up automobile parties.

Already the authorities have evidence convincing to themselves, though not capable of legal presentation in court charges, showing that many officials of New York and New Jersey besides policemen, have been in close touch with the bootlegger bandits. The amazing audacity of the automobile hold-up parties, such as that shown when eighteen persons were stopped and robbed at the Hattusol Golf Club a week ago, is partly to be explained by the complicity of county and city officials in the bootlegger operations of the same men.

As The Evening World final edition told last night, the truck in which the Salamandra brothers were smuggling their whiskey to Newark under a worthless permit which expired Dec. 31 was found empty in Newark early yesterday morning.

The sedan car in which the Salamandras were following their whiskey is still missing.

The police are investigating the actions of the negro chauffeur of the truck, Samuel Perkins, who escaped unharmed from the battle near New Brunswick, wandered off alone and appeared at his home in Newark early yesterday morning.

The garage of Abe Pannak, the

Newark truckman who sent Perkins to Trenton with the truck on the order of the Salamandras, was raided Friday afternoon by prohibition agents and a large quantity of stolen whiskey seized.

One of the subjects most interesting to the investigators is the source of the intelligence which the bandits have had of the movements of contraband and authorized shipments of whiskey. The inquiry has been directed to the watchmen of bonded warehouses and to the employees of truckmen who make a business of transporting liquors.

Assistant District Attorney Smith was to-day responsible for the statement: "Walsh made a statement of the utmost importance to me regarding the complicity of members of the police automobile squad in the theft and sale of automobiles. Walsh confessed to me that he not only took the cars to a 'fence,' but that he interested himself in their subsequent sale out of town and the division of a part of the profits among the policemen. He promised to tell to the Grand Jury next week the same story he had told to me."

A third explanation of the killing of Walsh was suggested by his father, who said that he had \$15,000 in money when he left home and was wearing considerable jewelry. When Walsh's body was found his pockets were inside out. Eight hundred and eight dollars was found in an outside pocket. It is regarded as a coincidence that a recognized leader of the bootlegging industry made a connection in a New Brunswick bank Friday afternoon because the paying teller would not give him \$1,000 bills on his counter check for \$5,000; he finally obtained the denominations he required after a whispered conference with the president of the bank.

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The garage of Abe Pannak, the



THE IMPORTANCE OF UNIFORMITY

A WELL known analytical writer in commenting on the composition of milk has this to say:

"Milk forms, in many cases, the entire diet of children and invalids, and under present conditions it varies so enormously that a doctor in prescribing so much milk per day, does not know within 30% how much nourishment he is giving."

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The Evening World's Kiddie Klub Korner Conducted by Eleanor Schorer

Woodland Wonder Tales By Cousin Eleanor

No. 12.—Billy Brighteyes Is Very Good All Day.

BILLY BRIGHTYES was wide awake, but he did not get up. Inside the home nest it was safe and soft and warm. Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel Brighteyes had built this cozy refuge before Jennie and Billy were born, and had cleverly placed it high enough to be out of the reach of prowlers. Mr. Tip Tail Fox could not leap so high, and those of their enemies who could climb trees found it difficult to get up there without giving warning of their coming, because the small branches cracked in such a telltale manner, especially on frosty days like this.

Billy Brighteyes knew all this, and it made him feel secure. He felt as sure and happy in his home; he loved it as he never had before; he was three times as fond of his Mumsie, and he liked his sister Jennie too, even if she was only a girl squirrel, and all because yesterday he did not know whether he would ever see any of them again. When the big hoot owl and the little hoot owlets had looked at him with their round, pitiless eyes he thought that he would never more see his home or Mumsie or his sister. Then, suddenly, Mumsie and Jennie became the dearest things in the world, and that is what they were to him now—the dearest things in the world.

Billy's Mumsie had wakened him this morning the way she soothed him last night, by licking his back where the owlets had torn it, and the



Billy Looked at It Longingly.

same thought came to him again. "What a land, sweet mother I have!" he stretched cautiously (the scratch on his back hurt). Gingerly he let himself out of the nest and down the tree to the ground. "Over there under that hazel bush is a nice fat walnut. I'll dig it up for Mumsie." In an instant the snow was scattered in all directions and the nut was found. Billy looked at it longingly. It was one that Paddykin had given him for Christmas, and Billy had had no breakfast. "I wonder if it is good." He ran his sharp, chisel-like teeth along the side and

ripped it open. How delicious it smelled! Did it taste as good? he wondered. He tasted a little, then a little more; soon he had eaten it all. His squirrel hindside had gotten the better of him. "Mumsie would never know," he argued.

But he knew. Billy Brighteyes knew and was ever so much ashamed of his selfishness. "I'll make up for it," he promised, and he did. He stayed close to his Mumsie's side and was a well-behaved, dutiful little squirrel all the rest of the day.

The Next Story: "Billy Brighteyes Is Kidnapped."

Abraham Lincoln, From obscurity to light. Abraham Lincoln arose; To wield a nation's might As every American knows.

His aim was to abolish The curse of slavery; We know that he succeeded Though opposed so bitterly.

He was loved by a nation For his kindness to everyone; It was an ill day for America When last he saw the sun.

By DAVID SUNSHINE, aged thirteen, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Abraham Lincoln, You are sleeping peacefully in your grave. You fought for equality of all men Lincoln, Lincoln, the fearless and brave.

Friend of the Nation! Pionier for equality! Your life was a noble deed. You were our friend in need. Lincoln, Lincoln, the Nation's friend. In childhood many hardships you did endure. Yet, you rose to be a great man. We may be sure; Kind, noble and generous you were to all. To friend, to foe, and to great and small. FRANCES FINKELSTEIN, Passaic, N. J.

A Forgetmenot. When God made all the flowers He gave each one a name;

HOW TO JOIN THE CLUB AND OBTAIN YOUR PIN.

Beginning with any number, cut out one of the coupons, and send it to the Editor of The Evening World, 125 N. 2nd St., New York City, with a note, in which you give your name, address, and age.

All children up to sixteen years of age may receive a coupon. A large number is provided with a silver gray pin and membership certificate.

Coupon 734.

When the others all had gone. A little blue one came. And said in trembling whisper, "My name has been forgot." And then the good Father called her "Forgetmenot!" By MARGARET OWENS, Brooklyn, N. Y.

FEBRUARY CONTEST. Subject: "What I Do With My Savings."

TEN awards of one dollar each will be given the ten Kiddie Klub members, aged from six to fifteen, inclusive, who write the best essays on "What I Do With My Savings."

The essays must not be copied and the contestant must not accept help from others.

A note from the parents or teacher of the sender, saying the composition is original, must accompany each essay.

Write NAME, AGE, ADDRESS and CERTIFICATE NUMBER distinctly.

Address: N. Y. Evening World Kiddie Klub, No. 63 Park Row, New York City.

Contest closes Monday, Feb. 22.

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starts, even in the coldest weather. This, combined with its absolute uniformity at all times and in all places, partly explains why experienced car owners and motor transport executives specify Socony.

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